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SUNDAY, JUNE 2, 1912.

CITY SHOULD PAY EXPENSE ACCOUNT.

No junkets by City Councilmen or other officials should be paid for by private parties interested in a decision of such officials based upon the observations of such a trip. That is the position taken by Alderman John W. Moore, who proposes an ordinance prohibiting Councilmen and Board members from making any trip out of the city or accepting like favors at the expense of any bidder or prospective bidder for city contracts. The proposed ordinance should be adopted; it is right in principle, and is in the interest of good government.

The adoption of such an ordinance will cast no reflection upon the Councilmen and other city officials who have in the past taken these trips at the expense of bidders. Such trips, however innocent, do cause criticism, much of which is unwarranted. Such trips tend to bring the city government into disrepute. The general feeling is that those who go on these junkets are consciously or unconsciously influenced in favor of the bidding person or firm paying the trip expenses. While the representatives of the city government are not formally held to be under any obligation, still the doubt might often be resolved in favor of the hospitable.

It seems likely that the Administrative Board will have to make a number of such trips from time to time in order to secure information as to the improved methods in other cities, for the awarding of all contracts is vested in the board. It would be highly undesirable that the cost of such trips be borne by private sources. The city should pay the expense account, of all those who travel in its service, no matter to what branch of the city government they belong. The Moore ordinance should pass, because it would have good men avoid even the appearance of evil.

JUDICIAL SUBSERVIENCE IN THE PAST.

Far out of the past comes a most interesting, impressive, solemn, nay, terrible warning against undermining the independence of judges and reducing them to subserviency. It should give serious, indeed trembling, pause to every man who may have become infected with the virus of "judicial reform" through recall of the judiciary and popular revision of court decisions. In it are prefigured conditions to which that "reform" logically trends. We find the warning embodied in a lecture on "Comparative Legal Procedure," as illustrated by historical trials, delivered at University College, London, recently by Sir John Macdonell, Quain professor of comparative law. The lecture was a continuation of a series on the same subject, and the specific trial discussed and used for illustration was the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Having declared that the reports of the trial "inspire much the same feelings as those which come to one visiting a loathsome dungeon in which prisoners were once confined or seeing the instruments of torture used therein—everything in the trial is so repugnant to our notions of justice," the lecturer mentioned some of the names it has besmirched, gave a running sketch of the charges and proceedings, and continued:

"The discreditable features of the trial and all that followed would have been impossible but for the subservience of the judges. They were dependent and liable to be dismissed at the King's pleasure. Their obsequiousness never reached a lower depth than at this time. In this respect things were worse than they had been. The vague, impressive, mediæval conception of law as something raised above sovereigns and courts, and even statutes, was gone or impaired. The King's will was supreme. At this time, English judges were probably less independent than French judges, and for a reason which is one of the startling paradoxes of legal history."

Following this, Sir John noted the judicial practice of the day of receiving edicts, called attention to a concomitant evil of judicial subserviency as exemplified in the fact that jurymen were liable to be punished by writ of attaint or otherwise for finding a wrong verdict—i. e., verdict disagreeable to the crown—and added:

"If a judge had in those times frankly charged a jury in a political case according to the facts of the situation, it would have been in some such terms as these: 'If you acquit the prisoner I shall be dismissed, and you will go to prison or be fined. Consider your verdict.'"

Then, in summing up—and here the warning is borne in with tremendous force, pertinency and applicability—he said:

"When proposals are made, as they sometimes are, to render the position of the judiciary less secure than it now is, it is well to recall the facts of Raleigh's trial; for all time an example of the effects of a dependent judiciary and of a bar with few and precarious rights; a memorable proof of Montesquieu's saying that liberty is lost if the judicial power is not kept separate from the legislative and executive powers."

What a vindication of the fifth article of the original Virginia Declaration, or Bill of Rights, is embraced in the concluding sentence of this last excerpt from the lecture! And how pregnant are all the quotations with suggestions that history would repeat itself should the "sovereign people," forsooth, be given to-day the power over the judiciary vested in or assumed by the "sovereign King," in the period of which Sir John Macdonell treated! Analogous causes and influences could not but in time produce similar effects and conditions. Had Sir John spoken from an American political platform, he would not have struck nearer to the heart of one of the most vital issue sthat now confronts the American nation. He could not have made a more earnest and powerful plea for the conservation of our judicial system as the bedrock of our institutions had he been addressing himself directly to the question of American "judicial recall."

In nothing that has been written or spoken in this country against the proposed "reform" has its menace to the independence, self-respect and purity of the judiciary, and to the upholding of the dignity of the law, been more convincingly set forth than it is in Sir John's lecture.

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH.

The average salary paid ministers in the United States is $578 per year. The average salary of street-sweepers is $642. The Episcopal Church, one of the strongest and wealthiest, pays its clergymen an average salary of $700 a year. The last General Assembly of the Northern Presbyterian Church reported that there are 2,000 churches in this country "pastorless and shepherdless" because of the poor salaries paid to ministers. At the same meeting there was a decrease of about 20 per cent. in the number of young men recommended for the ministry. The cities are yearly sending fewer young men into the ministry. Colleges once depended upon to help furnish the supply can no longer find the material.

The Times-Dispatch does not believe that a minister's reward can be measured in terms of money. The very word "minister" is in itself a compensation. We do not believe that the financial ideal should be taught in the church. But we do believe that a minister has a right to a decent living wage on which he can live in comfort, support his wife without making of her a servant, and educate his children in accordance with his own position. Preaching the gospel should not demand the sacrifice of all ambition and future.

One cause, and possibly the most important, of this condition is the useless and costly reduplication of churches that have no proper function. In one town of 400 people there are six different churches. In rural regions this waste is excessive. Each creed must have its own institution, and being unable to pay the proper salary, it makes the pastor bear the burden. The solution of this trouble lies in what may be called the community church.

The Protestant creeds do not differ so widely in fundamental beliefs that it would be impossible for the Christians of one village or town to unite in a union church, have the best equipment, secure a trained and capable minister, and do more good than now results from the useless diffusion of small energies. Compromises could be effected whereby the individual might preserve his own creedal tenets, and yet labor effectively for the broad issues of the religious life. Such co-operation would be a blessing to the community and a stimulus to the clergy. The combined support of the town would enable the church to get the best service, and pay for it what is right and just. The joining of all the religious interests in one solid efficient unit would react for good upon the citizens and upon the community. They would represent a single force acting for the higher and nobler ends of life.

THE WORST ENEMY OF GOOD ROADS.

Self-protection itself is sought by the law-abiding automobilists of Richmond in their determined stand against those who ride down the law and menace human life. The Richmond Automobile Club must be commended for its severe condemnation of those who wilfully and persistently violate the laws and who fail to observe even the primary rules of gentlemanly conduct in the use of the streets and roads. Things have come to such a pass that only drastic measures can meet the situation, and only the general co-operation of the automobilists of the city with the courts can make the speed fiends come to time. The arrogant attitude, the utter recklessness, and the almost criminal carelessness of this small class of automobile drivers creates a strong prejudice against all automobile drivers, however blameless the majority of them are. The safe and sane drivers realize this, and for that reason are doing all they can to stop the evil.

The reckless driving of machines and the snobbish disregard of the rights of others on the road, no only bring automobilists into disrepute, but hurt the whole community and the whole State, because the prejudice against automobiles makes its strongest showing against the good roads movement. It is axiomatic that improved highways throughout the State will enrich and further the progress of every community, but the most serious obstacle that has been put across the path of this movement is the feeling against automobilists. That feeling is based on the erroneous belief that all automobilists are "road hogs" and wish good roads for their exclusive enjoyment. There is where the speed fiends turn up again, for the general impression that automobilists are "road hogs" is based on the prejudice caused by the few who violate the road rights of others. The vast majority of those who respect the rights of others on the road are neutralized by the minority who treat the public roads as private speedways.

If jail sentences should in the future be meted out to speed fiends instead of fines, the reckless drivers would have none but themselves to blame.

WHY SWAT THE FLY!

What good will it do?

That is the question some may ask on the eve of the great fly-killing contest which begins to-morrow, and at the end of which $110 in prize money will be awarded by The Times-Dispatch to the children of Richmond killing the greatest number of flies.

It is not so much a question of how many of these small pests with their great opportunities for evil are killed in this first two weeks' campaign. Millions of flies may be killed by the children, but it isn't the slaughter of just so many that matters most.

The purpose of the campaign is educational. It is to get the children and the grown-ups to perceive the danger of the fly and the desirability of destroying it. The swat-the-fly contest will centre the attention of the city upon the fateful housefly with its load of disease-breeding germs—with its mighty power of transmitting the germs of disease and pestilence everywhere—with its danger to the babies of the city. The idea is to point out the tremendous menace which the fly embodies—a menace to human life and to the public health.

San Antonio had an anti-fly campaign, and the Board of Health of that city declares that as a result San Antonio was free from disease last summer than at any previous period in its history. The campaign led to precautionary methods by the public.

If everybody in Richmond will swat the fly, and keep out the fly, Richmond will be a healthier place. Other cities have decreased disease by swatting the fly, and Richmond can do it.

VISIONS AND TASKS.

[Selected for The Times-Dispatch.]

"While Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said unto him, Behold, three men seek thee."—Acts x. 19.

These words recall to many of you a most familiar picture. Peter had been sitting on the top of Simon's house at Jaffa, and there had been shown to him the sight of the great sheet full of all living beasts, of which he had been bidden to take and eat. And when he hesitated, you remember how a voice had spoken to him and rebuked the narrow punctiliousness with which he drew distinctions and thought some of God's creatures clean and others unclean. A new idea had come to him. He saw it very vaguely. It was all abstract, bewildering and elusive. But as he sat there the Spirit spoke: "Three men are asking for thee." They were the servants of Cornelius, the Gentile, coming to ask him to visit their master. Our verse shows Peter standing between the vision and its application. It was a critical moment. The question was whether the vision could pass through Peter to the three men and Cornelius. When on the morrow he "went away with them," the question was decided, and the idea and its appropriate duty had joined hands.

All men, like Peter, stand always between visions and tasks. There is the world of truth on one side and there is the world of men on the other. Between the two stands man; and these two worlds, if man is what he ought to be, meet through his nature.

Truth is vague and helpless until men believe it. Men are weak and frivolous till they believe in truth. How can we better tell the story of you who first believe in God yourself, and then are drawn out to make your fellow men believe in Him, and in making them believe, find your own belief grows steadier and deeper, than by recurring to the story of Peter, to whom "as he thought on the vision, the Spirit said, Behold, three men seek thee"?

There are some moments in life when this position of man, standing between the visions he has seen and the fellow man on whom he is to bring them into power, is peculiarly manifest. In such sharp relief stands the graduate on the threshold of the world, or the young priest on whose bowed head the hands of ordination have just been laid. The two worlds on each side of them receive illumination from each other, and this illumination is sent back and forth through the one so standing. But this glory often fades, or seems to fade. Especially does this loss seem often true of men who are claimed by the hard and dry details of life, men who have left their youth behind them and are entering middle age. To all such I would say: You may expect to grow less enthusiastic and excited. Do not be surprised at that. But in the meeting of the facts of life with those accumulated convictions which must be the real heart of any true enthusiast, you ought to be growing more and more earnest the longer you live. Believe in man with all your childhood's confidence, while you work for man with all a man's prudence and circumspection. Such a union of energy and wisdom makes the completest character and the most powerful life.

But how shall a man join this power of energy and wisdom? The answer is plain: Only by developing to the full his powers for knowing and loving. These two qualities are and must be in all men. Not merely in the greatest men, for it is not a question of greatness, but of genuineness and completeness. Just as the same chemical elements must be in a raindrop that are in Niagara, and if they are, the raindrop is as truly water as the cataract; so the power of learning truth and the power of loving man must be in you or me, as well as in Shakespeare or Socrates; and if they are, then we are as genuinely and completely men as Socrates and Shakespeare. If you look back to the men who have taught you most and study their character, you will surely find that the real secret of their power lay in the harmonious blending of the knowing and loving powers of their nature. The man who has only the knowing power active lets the truth in, but finds no man to feed. The man who has only the loving power active lets man in, but he finds no truth to feed on. The real teacher welcomes both.

Take Jesus Christ, the great example. He was full of grace and truth, and in His divine power lay His wonderful transforming of the everlasting truths of God into the immediate help of needy man. It was this union of eternal truth and special needs in Him that made it possible for Him to come down from the mountain where He had been glorified with the light of God and heal the poor lunatic in the valley. "While he thought upon the vision the Spirit said unto him, Behold, three men seek thee." Can any words more typically tell the life of Christ than these?

And how we see the working out of this principle in our own lives! Suppose that God has let you see His goodness! A strong, unalterable persuasion that God is merciful has been poured on your life and into your mind. That fact itself, well known, absorbs your contemplation. But do you, can you, ever get the richness of that knowledge until you share it with some one else who has not known the joy of God's goodness? O, you who think you know that God is merciful because of the mercy which He has showed to you, be sure there is a richness in your truth which you have not reached yet, which you will never reach until you let Him make your life the interpreter of His goodness to some other soul!

So of the fact of sin. Its weight and bitterness can never be lost till the sinner lays aside all but the stimulus of those memories in his strivings to save the world.

So of immortality, which becomes no longer a personal privilege, but a sure and moving token of the greatness of each human soul, making every service I can render another fellow man more imperious and more joyous.

There are no limits to this doctrine. To him who has seen the Lord and is selfishly content, to him who has not seen the Lord and cares nothing for his loss, alike comes the appeal: Be spiritual, be religious, come to Christ. Cast off your sips, not for yourself, but for some other soul which may possibly learn from you what it could not learn in any other way, how good and strong and forgiving is the sinner's God.

It is a terrible thing to have seen the vision, and to be so wrapped up in its contemplation as not to hear the knock of needy hands upon our doors. It is also a terrible thing to hear the knock and have no vision to declare to the poor knocker. May none of us go through life so poor as never to have known that happiness!

Lorimer will serve the country well either by retiring or by not resigning. If he retires, the country will be rid of one undesirable servant; if he stays in, he will be forced to resign, and that will mean that the Senators who vote for him will be dismissed from the public service by the States they are supposed to serve. Perhaps Lorimer may do more good to his country by refusing to resign than by resigning.

Get ready to swat the fly.

Perhaps they give the youthful graduates sheepskins, because from now on they are going to be lambs for the hungry wolves of the big world.

Incidentally, why not biff the mosquito?

It is to be hoped that Coney Island will not keep up the pace set upon its opening day. On that hilarious occasion in addition to the usual festivities that make the island a cure for the blues, or a cause of nerves, the following unannounced features attracted attention: An "airship" broke loose from its moorings to a merry-go-round and injured five people before they made a landing; a gatekeeper ran amuck and knifed two innocent bystanders; a girl plunged into the surf and rescued her drowning cousin, and in a general way fifty rowdies were arrested by the police. To an outsider what New York calls pleasure is a strange thing.

We are tender-hearted, but—let the fly be annihilated.

The presidential campaign puts the safe and sane Fourth of July out of the question.

The commencement exercises of the Woman's College were conducted in a manner as commendable as it was wise. The college authorities requested that no flowers be sent up to the sweet girl grads, and none were sent. Who has not gone to similar occasions and felt sorry for the girl who got no flowers? The flower custom caused much unnecessary envy and heartburning, and it is well that it is passing.

A Denver doctor says that taking a sip of lemon before a kiss will render germs harmless. When a girl hands a fellow a lemon now she won't mean what she used to.

W. S. Bryan, cousin of William Jennings, has been in Northumberland lately, buying fruit and berry land. Maybe the Nebraskan himself is going to move to the First District, where he has a good many friends, as evidenced by the greeting accorded mention of him at the Norfolk convention.

Obliterе muscam domesticam!

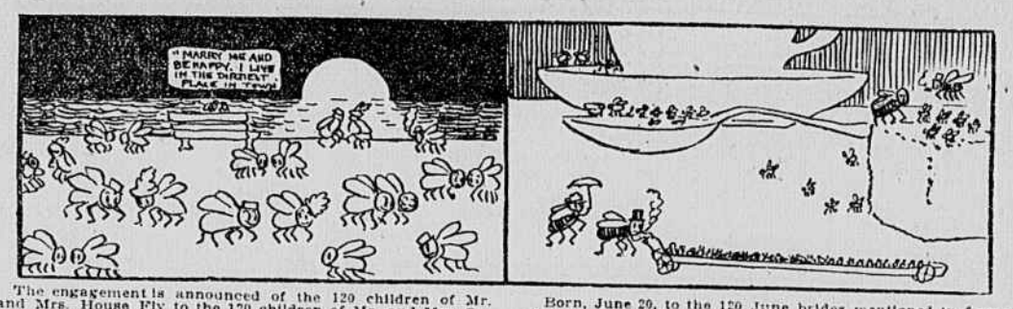
SOCIETY NOTES FROM SWATLESS TOWN

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright: 1912: By John T. McCutcheon.]

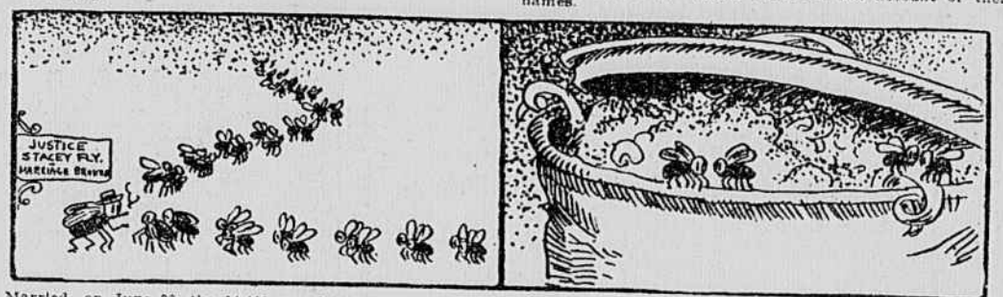
Mr. House Fly and Miss Musca Domestica were married on May 20. They intended to be married in June, the month of brides, but they decided to be original and so were married in May. They will spend their honeymoon in the sugar bowl.

Born, May 30, to Mr. and Mrs. House Fly, 120 bouncing babies. Mother and children doing well. The father sat up two days naming them.



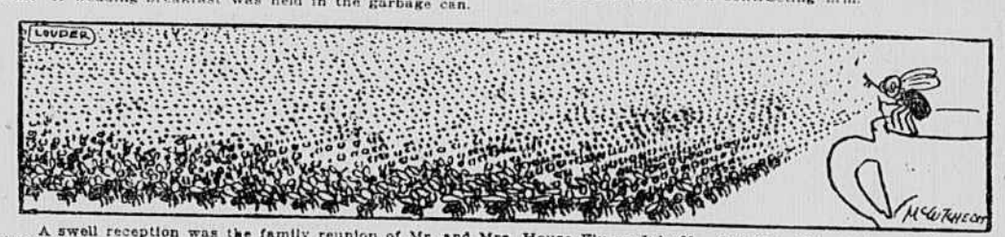
The engagement is announced of the 120 children of Mr. and Mrs. House Fly to the 120 children of Mr. and Mrs. Orville Wilbur Fly. (Later!) They were married. The wedding occurred on June 10. After June 11 will be at home in the pantry.

Born, June 20, to the 120 June brides mentioned in former dispatches, 14,400 bouncing little fly babies. Their names are as follows: James, William, John, Herbert, Richard, Henry, and so on. Space forbids a full account of their names.



Married, on June 30, the 14,400 grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. House Fly to 14,400 of the grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Orville Wilbur Fly. They furnished their own decorations. A wedding breakfast was held in the garbage can.

Born, July 10, to the 14,400 June brides that were married on June 30, 207,360,000 bouncing babies. The job of naming them has been let to a contracting firm.



A swell reception was the family reunion of Mr. and Mrs. House Fly on July 20. Grandpa Fly made an address and wished them dirt and prosperity. There were present all of his grandchildren and children to the number of 42,998,163,600,000. A resolution was adopted condemning anti-race suicide.

COUNTS' DEATH NOT GENERALLY NOTICED

Important and Picturesque Character Belonging to One of Highest Families in France.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

IT SEEMS strange to me that the American press should have taken so little notice of the death of a most important and picturesque person belonging to one of the highest families in France, and who was prominent in the military and afterwards in the political and the literary world during many years past, when he had exchanged the sword for the pen. As a rule we are accustomed to find in the papers a liberal space given to the demise of one who has been much in the public eye and who has up to the moment of his death continued to attract towards himself general notice.

The illustrious man I am alluding to is Count Jean de Sabran-Ponteves.

The name alone, indeed, sounds in one's ears like the swift swish of a sword cleaving the smoke of battles.

Besides being a gallant soldier he was a chivalrous political enemy, a staunch friend and a writer of the highest grade of talent, "laureat de l'Academie Francaise (prix Montyon)," if you please, and published, under the pseudonym of "Jean Le Hutin," several books such as "L'Inde, a fond de train," "Un Raid en Asie," "Lettres a Phanette," and "Les Veillees du Gerfaut," a delicious volume dedicated to his daughter.

The now ducal house of Sabran-Ponteves descends in a straight line from the twelfth century without a break. Indeed, it may be said in passing that it is much older than that, if one follows the line back, counting such ancestors, for instance, as the sovereign Count of Forcalquier; the Forcalquiers, as is well known, being amongst the few great nobles who ruled the lands as absolute sovereigns long before the Crusades were even thought of.

King Louis IX. of France was numbered among their allies. Marguerite de Provence, daughter of Raymond Berenger IV., sovereign Count of Provence, had four daughters. The first, as I have just said, married "St. Louis," the second, Eleanor, married Henry III. of England; the third, Jeanne, married Raymond, Sovereign Count of Toulouse, and the fourth, Beatrice, married the reigning Count Charles of Anjou. Beatrice, sister-in-law of St. Louis, was one of the ancestresses of that branch of the Ponteves belonging to the antique nobility of Languedoc. For, to tell the story as it should be told, the Ponteves, who were the founders of the family, developed into two branches when one of the two Ponteves brothers, Bretons brave and true, of the type of Du Guesclin, the famous knight, separated, one of them wandering off to the South of France, whilst the other remained on his own lands.

The Count Jacques de Sabran who has just died at his Chateau of Gerfaut, in Touraine, was the uncle of the present Duke Hollon-Louis-Marie-Elzear, fourth Duke of Sabran-Ponteves, as also Marquis of Ponteves, etc., etc., and who is now about thirty-seven years of age.

Jacques was the veritable type of a warrior of the olden time. Looking at him, one would have thought that he had only just removed his Crusader's armor and modernized himself sufficiently only to head the present royalist party, which, although greatly diminished, still exists in certain faithful and stubborn provinces of France.

His geniality, simplicity of manner, and elegance of demeanor were amusing to watch, as well as his calmness of gesture and fine, commanding figure, when one saw him galloping every morning as early as 6 or 7 o'clock in the Bois de Boulogne as real sportsmen are wont to do. For beneath the simple accoutrement of a sportsman of to-day, he managed somehow or other to give the impression of not belonging at all to our age, or to the ages immediately preceding it.

A "bon compagnon," they called him, but he also had inherited very likely from that little land of stone, heather and gorse which was the cradle of his race the immense stubbornness which is a characteristic of wave-beaten Brittany.

When once this debonair gentleman got an idea into his handsome head it was an impossibility absolute and complete to make him yield in any shape or fashion. For many years Count Jean served in the French cavalry and received the Legion of Honor as well as the military medal, for his magnificent conduct in 1870-1871, during the Franco-Prussian War. Since then, having been severely wounded towards the end of the conflict, he led a less military but quite as agitated a life. And yet, being one of the chiefs of the royalist party, one cannot say that that life was an entire sinecure.

Many may remember still the role he played in the royalist campaign of the Nineteenth Arrondissement of Paris, otherwise of la Villette, in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The men who became his adherents and who are called in France the "costauds de la Villette," would have followed to the very heart of a fire the man whom they still call their "commandant," remembering the time when they had served under his orders and who also kept in mind the old Provencal saying to the effect that "parole de Sabran vaut parole de roi." A small anecdote concerning that time typifies the man. During that particular electoral contest, he spoke a very great deal for the first time in his life, and with very much success too, although, as might be expected, his adversaries were as numberless as the sands of the seashore.

One night, attending a meeting at the schools of the Rue Bolivar, which is situated in the midst of the "Marchiate" quarter, he created a sensation well worthy of being related. M. Lepine, Prefect of Police, and the bravest man that has ever held that post, nevertheless had sent one of his agents to the Count de Sabran hoping to dissuade him from going to the reunion, as there was a plot, of which he knew, to assassinate him. I need not add, having already sketched the character of this modernized knight, that this warning only added fuel to the flames, and that it became for him a supreme reason why he should show himself. He therefore started at once, accompanied by his private secretary, Count Gabriel de Pontac, (who is the son of his sister Marguerite de Sabran-Ponteves, Countess de Pontac), and actually forced his entrance into the great hall, where the battle between the two parties had already begun. It need not be said that at such a meeting the elements were extraordinarily mixed, and that when the Comte de Sabran took his place a regular storm of applause and hisses burst forth; but, alas, amid the din could be heard, high and shrill, the cry of "Mort a Sabran!" while revolvers were drawn from many dingy pockets. The hubbub lasted so long that at length M. Lepine with his able agents, followed by the regular police, came forward to interfere. But Jacques de Sabran made one bound from his place to the platform, where an unfortunate and thoroughly frightened adversary, who was vainly endeavoring to get himself heard, stood trembling; and leaping upon the table, Jacques called out in his best voice of Chef d'Escadron commanding his troopers: "If you want to kill me, here I am. Go ahead, but don't make so much noise about it."

The French always were, and are to this day, an undoubtedly brave people, who passionately admire bravery, and at these words silence fell like a shock upon the whole assembly, gazing in unbounded amazement and admiration upon the haughty, broad-shouldered figure standing there alone in a place of immediate danger as though he did not care a rap for any one of the black mass surging on every side.

In another second, with the singular right-about-face so common to situations of this sort, thunders of applause replaced the execrations just launched at him, and much to his amazement, a little while later, Count Jacques de Sabran found that he had obtained, by this irresistible impulse of his, 5,000 votes for his election. Indeed, he was carried from the place in triumph, hundreds of male voices chanting, as the crowd followed:

"Debous, les gas de la Villette,
Haut les ames et haut les coeurs,
Des traitres nous serons vainqueurs
Avec Sabran a notre tete!"

This enthusiastic form of appreciation sounds, I think, like a modified version of the old "Gesta Dei per Francos," (acts of God through the Franks) which was loudly shouted when St. Louis in 1239 planted his banner in the sands of the Holy Land.

Perchance this short description may not prove of much interest. But the figure of Comte Jacques de Sabran is so unlike most of those one meets today that I thought it might perhaps prove of passing interest. He leaves one daughter, Mlle. Phanette de Sabran-Ponteves, who is scarcely sixteen.

Besides being Laureate of the French Academy, the dead hero was also a member of the Jockey Club and of the Union Club, and altogether the finest sportsman in France.

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